

IF YOU WOULD BE THRIFTY, YET KEEP IN THE MODE, DO YOUR OWN SMOCKING AT SMALL COST

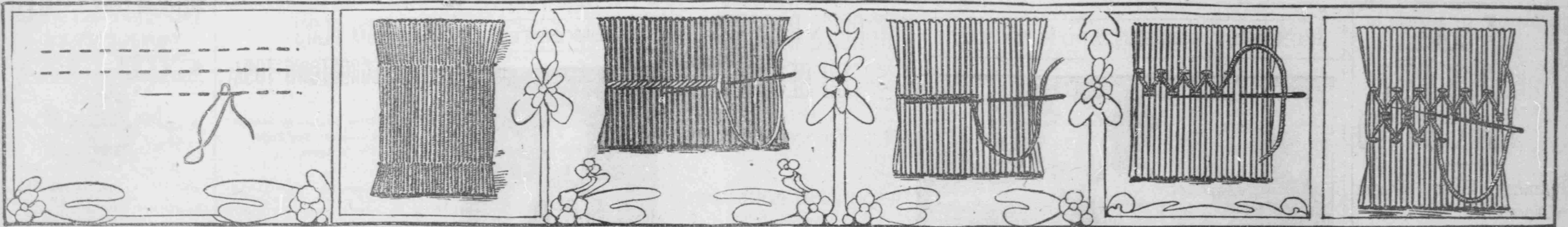


Fig. 1 Gathering

Fig. 2 Gathers drawn up

Fig. 3 Outline stitch

Fig. 4 Cable stitch

Fig. 5 Double Point

Fig. 6 The diamond

THERE ARE VARIOUS SMOCKING STITCHES, BUT THE PRINCIPLE IS THE SAME IN ALL.

Like many of the revived fashions, smocking has become popular once more. A soft silk waist with smocked yoke is dressy and chic. The only drawback to this style is the cost of having the work done.

The thrifty woman, therefore, should learn to do her own smocking, which is really not nearly as intricate as it appears.

To smock one's own waists has become of late quite a fad. Directions are given here for several stitches. In commencing a piece of smocking, there are three things to be taken into consideration. First, to have plenty of

material in width (as smocking will allow of no "skimping"); second, to keep both the gathering and the working perfectly straight and even; and, third, to work it in such a way that, when the gathering threads are taken out, it is left quite elastic.

Naturally, it is only by practice that one acquires this; but with care and attention one soon finds out what is required for a satisfactory result.

There are, of course, many materials which look exceedingly well made up into smocks. Nothing is more charming than a fine China silk, finely and evenly worked; but a beginner should certainly try her hand on a zephyr—it

is so much easier to work than the silk, and, when gathered, it sets in ridges, which are no trouble to work.

Having, then, procured some zephyr and some white crocheted cotton (size No. 12) or flax thread, one is ready to commence.

First of all the gathering has to be prepared. This must be done, not too fine, nor too coarse—about five stitches to the inch would be about the size; gather the whole width of the material to be smocked.

The second row of gathering should be about half an inch below the first; be careful to make each stitch exactly under those of the first row, as shown

in Fig. 1. You will see the necessity of this when you draw the threads up tight, as the material must run in straight little ridges for you to work your fancy stitches on. Continue the rows of gathering, still keeping the stitches exactly under each other, until you have done the depth that you wish your work to be; then draw your threads up tight, as in Fig. 2, and fasten them off.

The first stitch of all to be learned is the simple outline stitch which is shown in Fig. 3.

Commence at the top left-hand corner of your gathers, and bring your

needle out in the first pleat; take up the following pleat as in sketch, keeping the thread on the left side of the needle, and do not pull up too tight. The pleats must be taken up separately, one stitch into each, exactly the same for the whole row, taking care to keep a perfectly straight line.

Figure 4 shows another little stitch worked very much the same way. Bring out the needle on the first pleat, take up the second pleat, and be careful to keep the thread on the left side of your needle; take up the third pleat, on a straight line with the last stitch, but keep the thread on the right side of your needle. Work on like this, with the thread alternately on the left and

right side of your needle to the end of the row.

We now come to Fig. 5. Commence at the top left-hand corner, by bringing the needle out in the first pleat, take up the second in a line with this, keeping the thread on the left side of your needle. The third pleat take up a quarter of an inch below, as shown in sketch, still keeping the thread to the left side. The fourth pleat take up in a line with the last, but with the thread on the right side of your needle. The fifth pleat take up a quarter of an inch higher, in a line with the first stitch, keeping the thread on the right side. Repeat this to the end of the row. Fig. 6 shows the same pattern worked

double, so as to form a diamond. The first row, work as described for Fig. 5. Second row—Bring up your needle in the first pleat half an inch lower than where you began the first row. Take up the second pleat in a straight line, and have the thread on the right side of your needle; the third pleat is taken up a quarter of an inch higher, as shown in sketch. It ought to meet the lower stitch in the last row, and the thread should be on the right side of your needle. The fourth pleat is taken up in a straight line with this last, but with the thread on the left. The fifth is taken a quarter of an inch lower again, with the thread still on the left side, and so on, to the end of the row.

FROCKS FOR TWO PRETTY MAIDS

Are Made of the New Heavy Linens.



Smart for Spring Wear.

HOW TO FRY FOOD PROPERLY

Few people who are not expert cooks realize the variety of dishes which may be cooked in a kettle of boiling fat. This is a quick and effective method of preparing certain foods.

There are times when every stove when the oven cannot be used because the fire is too old, when the slower processes of braising are out of the question, and when the meat cannot be broiled, because broiling requires a bright, clear fire and the process renders it still more.

It is then that the kettle of hot fat, even on a slow fire, offers a process of cooking at once effective and more rapid than any method that has been devised. This method of frying is by no means unwholesome. The fat must be heated to the highest temperature possible without its scorching, so that the article immersed in it is almost instantly sealed over with a brown crust, which the fat cannot penetrate. In the case of croquettes and meat generally the possible unwholesome, so that the article immersed in it is almost instantly sealed over with a brown crust, which the fat cannot penetrate. In the case of croquettes and meat generally the possible

A Frenchman's test of a properly cooked fritter is to handle it with a linen napkin that upon close inspection shows no trace of grease. In order to have food so perfectly fried as this the articles cooked must be immersed for just the proper amount of time and then drained out of the fat the moment they are done and laid on a coarse brown paper to absorb any surplus of fat clinging to them. Croquettes, slices of cold cornmeal mush or hominy, and other cooked articles need only be left in the fat for two minutes.

Uncooked foods, like breaded veal cutlets, breaded fish, and doughnuts, should be cooked ten minutes and turned once in the process. The fat must be moderately hot, but such that will brown almost instantly a small piece of bread thrown into it. Articles that require ten minutes' frying will certainly be burned before they are cooked if the heat of the fat is not graduated for the purpose.

Fish balls, and notably raw potatoes, that are to be fried brown, require the very hottest fat possible, almost on the verge of burning. This is because of the large amount of water these articles contain, and which causes the fat, when heated, to bubble like a young reaper. The remedy for this is to bring the fat to a tremendous degree of heat to evaporate the water; then put in a perfectly clean kettle and begin all over again.

FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

From all appearances the season coming will be a harvest time for dressmakers, because full gowns are difficult for the amateur dressmaker to make and yet preserve the contour which is charming, and it is so easy to make the wearer of a home-made full gown look as if she were dressed in a meal sack.

However, good as it may be for the trade, the woman who is obliged to make her own gowns must needs do so make without.

For the amateur here are just a few hints: Don't try to combine colors unless you are sure of your artistic eye. Copy a good model. If you cannot obtain one, then stick to white, or to black, to gray or to blue, or if you prefer it, to golden brown. Don't mix things up.

If you are a decided amateur, cling to the old favorites as being a little more familiar to their texture and consequently easier to handle than the new ones. Examine the new-set grades of cashmere and do not forget that there are heavy velvets that are lovely. Chevrolet comes in very fine and almost smooth grades, and if you have only one or two street gowns, do not neglect your chance to get a nice fine serge.

And there is another don't. Don't forget the back of your gown. That must be well fitted and abundantly trimmed, for the day of the old-fashioned back is gone by. The trimming consists of double shoulder capes, of handsome scalloped collars, of bands of lace insertion applied across the shoulders, and it includes the panel, the lace inset, the worked wheel and many other things.

The button question is one that might well keep the amateur awake through a worrisome night. Buttons come in all known metallic materials and in a great many that are not recognized as metals at sight, yet which look and wear like metal.

For the amateur's busy fingers there is one safe trimming, and this is the fashionable jet. Jets come in all designs, and the jetted bands an inch and two inches wide make the most becoming trimmings for silk bodices of any color. Jets are used a great deal upon black, and the jetted boucées are as fashionable as they ever were. Jets are also used to trim yokes and girdles and to decorate the lace insets, without which no handsome gown is complete.

THE EVENING STORY
THE LITTLE BLACK SATCHEL.

By E. PERCY NEVILLE.

It was at the station in Buffalo that the trouble began. I was as comfortable and content as a man can be who carries with him a secret calculated to make him an outcast from any society. I carried my secret in a little black satchel. It was with me as I stepped out of the train—it never leaves me when I am traveling—and came face to face with Tom Pennant and a vision. Such a vision! I believe I gasped. I knew I stared, for the face on which my eyes were feasting flashed. Then I came to myself in Tom's athletic grip. "Ellis, old man, this is luck! How far are you going?"

"All the way across," said I, glancing at him and then hopefully back at the vision.

"Good work! Mildred, you've heard me speak of Ellis Carr, my freshman at college. This is it."

Just exactly what she said after that I don't remember. It wasn't worth remembering, any way. Who's the idiot that said it takes two to make a quarrel? If he'd had the advantage of Mildred Gaylord's acquaintance, he'd have recast his mind. When the last word had been said—of course, she said it—she looked at me, and I'd have sworn there were tears in her eyes. I bent forward to make sure, but she stamped her foot on the satchel. That was too much. I caught it up and fled. When I came back Mildred wasn't there, nor did I get more than a glimpse of her that whole day.

By that night I didn't care whether I was alive or not. I turned in thoroughly upset, and turned out on my ear with the car bucking under me like a bronco. There was a great grinding and crashing of the painless dentistry type, the cold air came in, and I knew it was a wreck. My first thought should have been for the satchel, but it wasn't.

"Mildred!" I cried, staggering down the bulging aisle. "Miss Gaylord! Where are you?"

"What are you going to do?" she cried, clutching my arm.

Promptly I justified the insulting pronoun by juggling my hat like a Jap with a cannon ball. Then the satchel got into the game and I let the hat go and saved the situation by a frenzied grab. If the thing had ever hit the ground—well, the vision wouldn't have been giving me the benefit of her rippling mirth as she held out her hand while Tom completed the introduction.

"This is my cousin, Mildred Gaylord. You're to take good care of her all the way to Sacramento."

Well, I could have hugged Tom—till the vision kissed him good-by. Then I could have strangled him. We were all in the sleeper when that happened. The train had started. So had Tom. Somehow, the little black satchel had slipped out of my mind—the first time since that thing ever occurred—and I had placed it on the floor. Of course Tom's foot had to collide with it. I let out a smothered whoop. He wheeled around with a darkening face.

"No, no, old man," I hastened to assure him, hustling him toward the door. "Hurry up or you'll be—"

"If you're still in that infernal business—Let go of me, confound you!"

But my hold was a firm one, and as I sped the porting guest from the car I stepped he shouted through the open window a wild adjuration which the rattles of the train pulverized into these fragments:

"Mildred—keep away—dangerous!"

Among my friends I pass for a poor but honest intellect. Right here, however, I executed a strategic maneuver that would have surrounded De Wet.

"It's quite true, Miss Gaylord," said I, hastily returning to her. "Sitting so near the open window is dangerous. If you should get a cinder in those eyes—er—your eyes—"

And there I went to pieces again.

But for the presence of the little black satchel, the next four days would have been unalloyed paradise. Whenever I looked into Mildred Gaylord's eyes my heart came into my throat; whenever I looked at that funeral black cube of concentrated cussedness, it went down into my boots. Cardiac fluctuations are professionally regarded as unhealthy, I believe. I began to get morbid over it.

To wonder what Mildred would do if she knew the secret shut up in that satchel. Would she content herself with shunning me like a pestilence? Or would she denounce me to the conductor, in which case I should be ejected from the train at the next stop with a reputation that would close every hotel in the place against me?

I left her long enough to take the satchel into the smoking room and say things to it. To leave her, even for so worthy a purpose, was a wrench. It

was also a mistake. It gave her time to think. Her thoughts concerned themselves with the satchel. She had noticed my care of it, and her curiosity was aroused. She wanted to know.

"It's purely a business matter," I explained politely. "I'll swear I did it politely."

"You mean that it's none of my business," she said with suspicious sweetness.

"I didn't say so," I protested.

"You meant it, and you didn't take so much pains to conceal it as you do some things," she looked meaningly at the satchel. I would have kicked the beast of a thing, if I could have been sure it wouldn't kick back.

"I believe you're ashamed of it," said she, tauntingly, after a while.

"I'm ashamed of you, tormenting a helpless man that never did you any harm."

Just exactly what she said after that I don't remember. It wasn't worth remembering, any way. Who's the idiot that said it takes two to make a quarrel? If he'd had the advantage of Mildred Gaylord's acquaintance, he'd have recast his mind. When the last word had been said—of course, she said it—she looked at me, and I'd have sworn there were tears in her eyes. I bent forward to make sure, but she stamped her foot on the satchel. That was too much. I caught it up and fled. When I came back Mildred wasn't there, nor did I get more than a glimpse of her that whole day.

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gling with a refractory pocket. Now she came forward, holding out a little silver mounted revolver.

"I want you to take it," she said. "I know you will know what is best to do. And—and," she added, with a little catch in her breath, "I'm sorry."

I took the revolver and the hand, both, and with them a resolution. It was a fair chance that I was facing, but if it turned out wrong I was likely to be pretty badly punctured; and before I went there was something I wanted to know.

"Mildred," I said, "I know I haven't any right, but before I tackle this job I want to ask you one thing."

"What are you going to do?" she cried, clutching my arm.

"Get us all out of this hole, if your revolver shoots straight," I said.

"Against five armed men? You mustn't! They'll kill you. Don't leave me!" And she clung to me, sobbing.

It was mighty hard, but I put her gently back. "Listen, dear," I said, "if I can get one good crack at that satchel—"

"Your satchel! I—I hate it! What is there about it—"

"Battle, murder, and sudden death," I replied, solemnly.

"My dearest, I am in the business of manufacturing high explosives. I sometimes carry samples with me, because

there's a prejudice against them on the part of the express companies and the mail service. If that satchel is touched by a bullet, it'll raise particular—well, pretty much everything in sight."

Somebody kindly came and took Mildred away, and I oozed out of a rear window and crept around the corner of the shack with my eye in very poor condition for accurate marksmanship. That's why I missed the first shot, I suppose. There was a yell from one of the bandits; I had barked his shin, probably. I fired again, and the universe disintegrated.

When my eyes opened they looked up into Mildred's. There was also a lingering impression of a soft cheek pressed upon mine. I hastened to close my eyes again. But it was all off. I had to come to and figure up. Mildred was there; nothing else mattered much; and the satchel—that rather surprised me—and the other passengers crowding around where they weren't wanted.

"What became of the robbers?" I asked.

"They—they scattered," said Mildred tremulously.

I raised myself on one elbow and looked around. High up in an adjacent tree I saw a boot. On the top rail of the rumahackle fence was what suspiciously resembled a human ear in a bad state of repair.

"Looks like it. Where's my satchel?"

"We never found hide or hair of the satchel. Mildred says I won't need it again anyway; says I've got to give up the explosive business for her. That strikes me as the depths of ingratitude."

"WOMEN ADVISED TO ARM."

Let women take somebody with them when they go out at night or else carry revolvers and shoot if assaulted, says the "Business Women's Magazine."

The law protects a woman who defends herself from dangerous assaults. The popular idea that there is some law against a peaceable citizen carrying a concealed weapon is a mistake.

There is no such law, and unless a woman is more afraid of a pistol than she is of a highwayman, let her arm herself. It is better for her to have a revolver in her hand to defend herself against a criminal than a purse hanging at her wrist or sticking out from her pocket to tempt him. It is thrusting a dagger into a street lounge's eyes to dangle a purse in his sight. There would be few snatch thieves but for this foolish custom.

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